

THE

19

Gothick HERO.

A

POEM,

Sacred to the Immortal Honour of

CHARLES XII.

King of SWEDEN, &c.

The Glorious Restorer of the Protestant
Religion in *Silesia*, from Popish Usurpation,
and Arbitrary Power.

L O N D O N,

Printed : And Sold by B. Bragge in Pater-Noster-Row. 1708.

(Price Six-pence.)

THE
GODICK H E R O

P O E M

Set to the immortal Honour of

CHARLES XII.

By S W B O W N

The Character of the Protestant
Religion in the North of England
and the History of the
Protestant Religion in the North of England

By S W B O W N

L O N D O N

Printed: And Sold by B. B. in Water-Street, London.
(Price six-pence)

TO HIS EXCELLENCY

Mr. Leyoncrona,

Envoy Extraordinary from His Swedish Majesty, to the Court of Great Britain.

S I R,

PResuming, that your Excellency, out of the profound Veneration you have always shown for your Royal Master, will pardon the succeeding Poem ; with all Submission I here tender it to your Hands ; and hope, that the good Intention I had in the Performance, will be an Inducement to your Excellency to forgive the Boldness of the Attempt.

I have not the Vanity to think any Thoughts or Expressions of mine are able to set forth the Glory of so Great a Hero, who has been the Protector and Deliverer of the Protestants in Silesia, and the Great Champion for Liberty, Justice, and Religion, throughout all Europe : But at the same time I think it impossible to be guilty of Flattery ; and tho' I cannot boast of the Sublime, so I hope I have avoided the Bombast. The Dignity of the Subject, I must own, requir'd a better Performance ; but since other Pens have been silent, where there is so large a Field for Poetry and Panegyrick, my high esteem for his Majesty's glorious Actions, and exemplary Piety, I hope, will plead in my Behalf to your Excellency, for the Errors or Meanness of this Poem.

When all the World are surpriz'd with the wonderful Success of his Majesty's Arms, and the happy Event of his Expedition into Silesia, who, that has any Sense of so much Goodness, Piety, and Compassion, but must be charm'd with Admiration of the God-like Author ? For what Prince has done such wonderful Things for Justice and Religion, without having Self-interest in the Bottom, either to secure or enlarge his Dominions, or else to maintain or establish the Ballance of Power and Trade ? None of which are in

The Epistle Dedicatory.

his View, but the Good and Happiness of Mankind, in the Enjoyment of their Liberties or Religion.

But that I may not divert your Excellency from more weighty Affairs, I shall only desire the Acceptance of my hearty Wishes; That your Royal Master, the King of Sweden, may continue to go on gloriously and successfully, as he has hitherto begun, to redeem the Oppress'd, aid and assist the Needy, and help them to Right, that suffer Wrong; and, That your Excellency may still enjoy the Honour you justly merit of serving so Great a Prince, who is the Joy of injur'd Nations, and the Glory of his Age.

I am, S I R,

Your Excellency's

Most Obedient

Humble Servant.

THE

T H E
Gothick H E R O.
A
P O E M.

I Sing not of *Bellona's* Praise, or War,
 Or of the brave *Alcides* matchless Heir ;
 But a new constellated *Northern* Star ;
 Who from old *Gothick* Blood derives his own,
 As great and ancient, as if *Saturn's* Son.
 For tho' from *Jove* Poetick Heroes drew
 Their God-like Lineage, and their Vertues too ;
 We boast Great *Charles*, a Race much more Divine,
 From *Goths* and *Vandals*, and *Gustavus* Line :
 And tho' that shining Warrior was not blest'd
 With Children, ———
 He ev'ry glorious Thing besides possess'd :
 And *Charles*, by bright Example, is his Son,
 Heir to his mighty Fame, and to his Throne.

Rise then, my Muse, in lofty Numbers sing,
 As bold as *Charles*, as daring as the King !
 Let Nations wonder at thy soaring Flights,
 As they're astonish'd when the Hero fights ;

When num'rous Armies from his Presence run,
 As Mists are scatter'd at the rising Sun.
 Look o'er *Silesia's* fruitful Lands, and see
 The glorious Work of happy Liberty !
 Behold Religion rearing up its Head,
 That lately disappear'd as if she had been fled,
 Or else entomb'd among the silent Dead !
 Look now upon those venerable Piles,
 Where ev'ry Pillar with its Freedom smiles,
 So lately loaded with Mock-Gods of Stone,
 By Men, who own themselves there is but One.
 The stupid Marble blushes at the Priest,
 And is ashamed of the Religious Jest ;
 Rejoyses now to find himself set free,
 And triumphs in his native Liberty.

Survey, my Muse, the joyful Hearts of those,
 Who love Devotion, but false Gods oppose :
 See how their kind Deliverer they bless ;
 How they their 'Thankfulness to Heav'n express,
 And heap on *Charles's* verdant Head, Success.
 Their *Io Pæans* reach the very Skies,
 And Conquest swifter than their Wishes flies.
Alcides Son th' *Hesperian* Gardens freed,
 And worthy't was of *Hercules*, the noble Deed.
 So good *Æneas* did his Strength employ,
 To save his Father 'midst the Flames of *Troy*,
 And gain'd, by this, a Name for Piety.
 Aged *Anchises* bless'd his pious Son,
 From whence a Race of Heroes after sprung :

The *Cæsars* fill'd the World with Fame and Blood;
 But none like *Charles*, with universal Good.
 For Fame 'twas *Jason* fetch'd the Golden Fleece;
 And wise *Ulysses* first engag'd with *Greece*;
 Left his lov'd *Ithaca*, to seek Renown,
 And prove his Conduct before *Ilea's* Town.
Laertes saw his brave aspiring Son
 With Eyes of Pride, as what himself had done;
 Bless'd the bold Soldier, when in open Field
 He did contend for Great *Achilles* Shield;
 When 'fore the Princes he with *Ajax* strove,
 And gain'd his Armour, and the People's Love:
 These were great Feats of Arms in elder Days,
 E'er *Alexander*, *Scipio*, *Cæsar* was:
 But what were those to Wonders done of late
 By *Charles* the Wise, the Vertuous, and the Great?
 What were th' Olympick Games, but boyish Plays,
 To gain the People's Voice, (an empty Praise!)
 To wear the Laurel, Ivy, or the Bays?
 What was all this, but Pageantry and Show,
 Trifles, to what brave *Charles* and *Churchill* do?
 Who Countries free, and Liberty restore;
 Aid the Religious, and relieve the Poor?

Look to the *Trojan* Heroes fam'd Exploits,
 And see for what the mighty *Hector* fights?
 His Sister's Honour, which was lost before,
 And which Great *Agamemnon* would restore.
 Was't not for this, that fiery *Ajax* fought,
 And noisy Fame from *Hector* dearly bought?

Did not the Son of *Thetis* here engage,
 And for a Woman, prostrate all his Rage?
 Was he for this invulnerable made,
 Yet could not fierce *Patroclus* Steel evade?

But our Victorious *Goth* devoutly fights,
 To rescue Nations, and restore their Rights.
 Constant in Courage, he sustains the War,
 Nor doubts th' Event from such a pious Care :
 Crowns are his Aim, but God-like 'tis to give,
 Where Merit claims, and not the Prize receive.
 This is true Glory, such as ancient *Rome*
 Show'd to the People that she overcome :
 She did not basely usurp her Neighbour's Crown,
 But gave each Laws, much better than their own.
 So pious *Charles*, with equal Glory fir'd,
 Nought but to equal Justice has aspir'd.
 Mov'd with Compassion, for Religion's Sake
 He fights, and not new foreign Laws to make ;
 But those enslav'd by Tyranny, to free
 From Superstition and Idolatry.

These are the Schemes, and this the glorious End,
 For which our Hero wisely does contend ;
 Witness *Silesia*, where his Banners shine
 With Christian Triumphs ; Goodness all Divine.
 So when among the fiercer Savage Kind,
 One Lyon 'bove the rest to Love's inclin'd ;
 Compassion dwelling in his noble Breast,
 That shows a plain Distinction from the rest,
 And claims a Reverence from ev'ry Beast.

The brutal Herd stand wond'ring, and appear
 At once surpriz'd with awful Love and Fear :
 His Goodness tender'd to his captive Prey,
 Forces ev'n rav'nous Tygers to obey ;
 And all the rest, by such Indulgence won,
 The gen'rous Lyon for their Monarch own,
 And offer grateful Homage to his Throne.
 Thus *Charles* is justly by Mankind rever'd;
 Lov'd by the Good, and by the Vicious fear'd.
 Tyrants, that reign by arbitrary Sway,
 To Justice he compels, and to obey.
 Subjects, that yield their Princes due Respect,
 He does from all their Violence protect ;
 Not to enslave them more, but set them free,
 And blest the World with God-like Liberty.
 He quells the Pride of Kings, that are unjust,
 And rule their Subjects with the Reins of Lust,
 Who force their Consciences for sov'reign Pow'r,
 And prostitute the God they do adore.
 For this it was *Augustus* lost his Crown;
 By serving Gods, before to him unknown,
 And making them false Steps to mount a Throne.
 So *Icarus* fell ; not that he soar'd too high,
 But his Presumption on the Deity.
 Heav'n thus, to punish daring Mortals, shows
 It always will aspiring Men oppose,
 Whom neither Honour, or yet Oaths can bind,
 But whose Religion veers with ev'ry Wind.
 These are the adverse Marks of knowing Fate,
 That ministers alike to ev'ry State,
 Nor spares the Mean, or flatter more the Great.

All bear the Stroke, as they are all decreed,
 The Poor to beg or starve, the King to bleed.
 And those who execute these mighty Ends,
 Are such as Heav'n by wise Appointment sends.

Charles, thus we may from all his Actions see,
 Is sent for Glory, Peace, and Liberty :
 These are the Ends, for which he seems design'd,
 And are the greatest, and the best of Human-kind.
Pride and *Ambition* are both deadly Things,
 That ruin Statesmen, and that flatter Kings ;
 While with th' Excess of either over-run,
 They undo others, or are themselves undone ;
 'Till with the subtle Poyson over-come,
 They rarely 'scape at last some fatal Doom.

But whoso'er has trod the middle Way ;
 Made *Folly*, and insulting *Vice* obey ;
 Is only fit for universal Sway.
 Realms may to him their awful Scepters yield,
 And Armies own his Influ'nce in the Field.
 Who then that mighty Hero is, we find
 By what's impress'd on *Charles's* gen'rous Mind,
 And what his greater Vertues daily shew,
 What *Charles* has done, what Wonders he can do.

He's as quell'd the *Hydra* of despotick Pow'r,
 Legions of petty Gods that *Rome* adore ;
 Whose *Pride* and *Avarice* have over-come
 The free-born Liberties of *Christendom*.

Princes

Princes she has enslav'd, and Monarchs rule,
 Only to be the Holy Father's Tool ;
 Whilst to his Laws their Subjects must submit,
 And they can only rule as he thinks fit.

The noble *Goth* with this divinely fir'd,
 And with a holy Zeal and Rage inspir'd,
 Marches his bold Brigades at once, to free
 The *Poles* from base usurping Tyranny,
 And brave *Silesians* from false Popery ;
 From all the heavy Burthens that they bore,
 And sawcy Insults of the Scarlet Whore.
 Saint *Loyola* impos'd his own tyrannick Laws,
 By which he govern'd ev'ry private Cause,
 And made *Silesian* Free-men worst of Slave,
 That were compell'd to dig in their own Graves ;
 'Till unexpected *Charles* dispell'd their Fear,
 And a new Sun with Wonder did appear ;
 They found a Saviour, when they knew of no one near.
 Like Lightning quick, that melts the solid Gold,
 Their Joys break out, or e'er the Story's told.
 As was the Pleasure, so was the Surprize ;
 They saw, but durst not credit their own Eyes.
Cimmerian Darknes had perplex'd their Sight ;
 They only hop'd this Blessing was the Light :
 The glorious Morn that they at last should see
 Replete with happy Peace and Liberty
 In the bright Realms of vast Eternity.
 Like Men, who in the midst of Dreaming, wake,
 And can't be satisfy'd of the Mistake ;

But

But still believe, that what they saw was true ;
 Their Eyes were open, and their Senses too.

So these, tho' waking, thought all this a Dream;
 That Nothing was, as it appear'd to them ;
 'Till they at last, with Satisfaction, found
 The Story true, 'the Place no Fairy Ground,
 But all was real and substantial Bliss ;
 Nothing appear'd, but Liberty and Peace :
 Tho' num'rous Legions over-spread the Land,
 They came for Safety, and not to command :
 Their God-like Leader, of Divinest Race,
 Bless'd with Religion, and with ev'ry Grace,
 Has taught all Nations what from his they see,
 The Consequence of Martial Piety.
 When Soldiers are instructed in their Youth
 To tread the Paths of Vertue and of Truth,
 Know no Ambition, but what's truly brave ;
 No Bed of Honour, but the Hero's Grave ;
 No Cowardice, but Conduct, when to fly
 Before a brave and stronger Enemy.
 This Practice 'tis the gen'rous Swedes pursue ;
 They fight for Glory, and Religion too :
 Vertue's the noble End they have in View.

Examples easiest spread, sent from the Throne,
 And here they have the brightest of their own ;
 A Hero matchless in the Field of War,
 For Martial Conduct, Discipline, and Care :

No Dangers interrupt his great Designs ;
 No secret Plots his Projects countermines ;
 But as in War, so in his Councils great,
 He ne'er was over-reach'd as yet, or beat :
 Two glorious Things no Monarch e'er could boast,
 No Disappointment, and no Battel lost.

Great was young *Ammon* at the *Grannick* Flood,
 When singly he whole Legions there withstood,
 Where did his Courage and his Conduct shine,
 As *Nassau's* after at the bloody *Boyne* :
 Yet these two wond'rous Heroes were not free,
 In Court or Camp, from treach'rous Villany.
 For his Ambition *Alexander* dearly pay'd,
 And *William's* Councils always were betray'd ;
 But *Charles*, beyond all former Heroes Great,
 In ev'ry Enterprize is fortunate :
 Kings at his Will and Pleasure have uncrown'd,
 And all their pompous Titles have disown'd.
 Imperial Dignity beholds his Sway,
 And finds she must his juster Laws obey.
 Thus Empire is a vain and empty Thing,
 With such a Hero match'd, and such a King ;
 Whose Conquests like that of th' Arch-angel seems ;
 He does not vanquish, but lost Right redeems.
 Justice and Glory fire his God-like Soul,
 But Mercy does o'er ev'ry Act controul.
 Religion thus inspires the Christian Chief,
 And thus he fights, because 'tis his Belief.

No politick Designs can draw away
 The pious Warrior, or his Armies Stay,
 To make of his Pretences but a Prey.
 Greater Conceptions fill his noble Mind,
 That are all good, compassionate, and kind.
 Worthy himself, and worthy all his Fame,
 His mighty Actions, and his glorious Name.

Now, Muse, expand thy airy Wings, and soar
 Above the Clouds, where *Charles's* Fame is bore;
 Where all the Gods look down with Spite, to see
 A Man superior to a Deity;
 To see a Hero so transcendant Great,
 That Immortality does emulate.
 The mightiest Captains of his Age look on,
 And can but wonder at what he has done,
 That shines out bright as the Meridian Sun.
 Like some amazing Comet 'tis he shows,
 We know not whence it comes, or where it goes.
 Silent as Night, and secret as the Grave,
 His Councils are; but yet his Actions brave:
 Tho' in the Dark he forms his mighty Deeds,
 The Execution with the Light succeeds.
 Free are Mankind his Actions to behold,
 But they're compleated always e'er they're told.
 Wisdom it self steers at the Helm of State;
 She 'tis that makes him just, to make him Great,
 And gives him Conduct to be fortunate.
 With so much Glory, and such high Success,
 Blind Chance can never her false Vot'ries bless:

A nobler Cause we must for this assign,
 That on the Brave attends, and is Divine ;
 For Heroes are not accidental Things,
 But born of noblest Race, the best of Kings :
 Their Blood untainted, more sublime they are,
 The Gods good Gifts, and their peculiar Care :
 To such it is they Victories bestow,
 And all the Wonders of their Power show.

Thus *Charles* by Heav'n a Hero's made, we find,
 To be the chiefest Blessing of Mankind :
 Form'd so by *Nature*, and by gen'rous Blood,
 To spill his own for universal Good.
 In this his Glory centers, and his Fame ;
Charles had for this his bright Immortal Name ;
 Dear to the *Swede*, to *Britain*, *France*, and *Spain*,
 Each had one Good, or Great, or *Charlemain*.
 But to find all the *Charleses* Vertues flow
 In one such noble Breast, as here we do,
 Is Great beyond Compare, and wond'rous too :
 He must be born to finish Something more
 Than all the Heroes that have gone before.

F I N I S.

A nobler Cause we must for this assign,
 That on the Brave attends, and is Divine;
 For Heroes are not accidental Things,
 But born of noblest Race, the Best of Kings;
 Their Blood untainted, more sublime they are,
 The Gods good Gifts, and their peculiar Care;
 To such it is they Vindictes bestow,
 And all the Wonders of their Power show.

Thus Charles by Heaven a Hero's made, we find,
 To be the chiefest Blessing of Mankind:
 Form'd so by Nature, and by generous Blood,
 To spill his own for universal Good.
 In this his Glory centers, and his Fame;
 Charles had for this his bright immortal Name;
 Dear to the Swede, to Britain, France, and Spain,
 Each had one God, or King, or Champion;
 But to find all the Charles's Virtues flow
 In one such noble Breast, as here we do,
 Is Great beyond Compare, and yours too;
 He must be born to fill something more
 Than all the Heroes that have gone before.

F I W I S
